

## IF TEDDY WERE PRESIDENT.



Cabinet on the White House lawn whetting up an appetite for breakfast.

## THE DAY'S LOVE STORY.

## Frank's Fatality.

DESPITE the pleasant aspect of the place and his aunt's adoring ministrations, Frank Harland found the days dragged. To have been hurt in football in a practice game at that! To be obliged to leave the team and cuddle down and keep still. Worst of all, to be barred from the youthful companionship in which he so delighted—it was indeed a disaster!

"Now that you're sitting up you'll be out in no time!" his aunt assured him cheerily. "Now it's time for your nourishment. Eh, my dear?"

"Who is she?" cried the young fellow. He had caught his aunt's arm suddenly. "Yes—there—coming out of the opposite house. She passes here every day. See—out of that house with all the beautiful flowers in the windows!"

"She? Oh, her name's Isola Ray."

"Isola Ray?" he repeated. His dark young face lit up. "What a delicious name!"

"She has been away at boarding-school. She graduated this summer. She is giving music lessons. Why—she is coming here!"

Miss Denlow fluttered to the hall door to meet her caller.

"Come in!" she cried hospitably.

"Thank you, no. I just brought a few flowers for the poor young gentleman. Will you give them to him with my sympathy?"

She smiled—disappeared. And Frank Harland found himself holding a mass of scarlet geraniums and delicate ferns. The next morning it was a little bunch of late violets; the day after a bouquet of fragrant gladioli. But despite her daily floral gifts the young music teacher never came in.

Then there came a day—open, glorious, copper-colored October day—when Frank's aunt got a shock which left her breathless and Isola Ray got another. Twitting old Miss Denlow, swooping in on her beloved patient with

a tray of delicacies, almost dropped the tray at sight of her tall nephew, erect, smiling, clothed in his ordinary habiliments.

"It's all right," he assured her. "I couldn't play till one day longer—an hour! To stay indoors with that sky, that sun, that breeze! It would be criminal. I'm going for a short walk."

It was a short walk. It was only as far as the house with the flower-filled windows across the street.

It was Isola Ray herself—Isola, in a Quakerish little gray house-gown, that matched her eyes, and a fetching little apron of ruffled lawn, who opened the door to him.

"You!" she stammered. She grew quite white. "Why—?"

"I'm not a ghost!" he assured her, smiling. "My name is Frank Harland. I've come to thank you for all those exquisite flowers. Won't you ask me in?"

"But I—but my friend said that you—you were crippled for life. And I thought—I thought—"

"Now, Isola Ray!" protested a plain-like voice. The mistress of the house came up the hall. "I thought when you asked me about the sick gentleman at the window that you meant Mr. Benham, who lives at 32. He's been all but bedridden for years. I did not know you meant Miss Denlow's nephew. Come in, Mr. Harland!"

Never was invitation accepted with more alacrity. That wasn't the only thing Frank entered the flower-filled parlor—oh, not by a long way!

"A year ago," he says to-day, and sighs. "Now I know the difference of a football fatality!"

And when his friends question him he glances significantly at a glittering stone on a white finger—and attempts explanation.

But his fiancée stops him. And they both laugh. Which, after all, is the only thing to do when one is happy.

## LO FENG LUH ON GEORGE WASHINGTON

London is favored, like Washington, by the presence of a Chinese Minister combining the graces of the scholar with those of the diplomat.

Lo Feng Luh is, indeed, a wonder, since he speaks the Queen's English better than most good Britons who try to air that tongue in public. He is a student of Shakespeare and a follower of Herbert Spencer and Darwin. In fact, he is so much of a progressive that he has been under official suspicion in his own country.

Nor has Mr. Luh confined his attentions to British studies and British great men. He has had his learned eye on American history, and having already written in Chinese the life of George Washington, he is now about to put forth a biography in English of our favorite patriot. According to Mr. Luh, Gen. Washington was the greatest ever.

If his health had not failed, Minister Lo Feng might have missed his career in diplomacy and letters. He was educated for a naval officer, and was fully qualified for that position when his physical state compelled him to change his plans.



LO FENG LUH.

## RED HAIR AND THE SCOT.

**Red Celtic Hair.**

To the Editor of The Evening World.

Some one asks why Scotchmen so often have red hair. It is because, though they may deny it, there is a strong strain of Celtic blood in the Scot. And the Celtic of old was, as all historians know, usually crowned by a shaggy mass of red hair. It is hereditary.

ARCHAEOLOGIST.

**Denies It.**

To the Editor of The Evening World.

Why is the Scot red haired? He isn't. No more than any other race.

J. B. E.

## A Frightful Poem.

To the Editor of The Evening World.

Scotchmen are red haired because most of them are so well-read.

PETER CLAVERES, Wyckoff, N. J.

**Red Hair and Dyspepsia.**

To the Editor of The Evening World.

Why is Randy's hair red? Because he is usually a dyspeptic. I find most families that run to dyspepsia also run to red hair. I don't know why, but they do.

## THE BOOTJACK.

THE bootjack, as far as cities are concerned, has gone to the place where the old-fashioned shoe-scraper reposes; volunteered a shoe dealer, and will never return. Time was when no house was considered furnished unless there was a mud-scraper fixed at the doorstep or portico, an example of this can be seen at many of the very old houses throughout the city.—Washington Star.

## NEW HOMES OR BIG ARMY?

## A Question in Expansion.

To the Editor of The Evening World.

In your issue of Oct. 11 I find a letter from Elbert Hubbard which interests me greatly. I refer to his plea for good roads and the reclamation of the arid lands.

While we are discussing "expansion" by the sword and through the cannon, with the idea of profit to commerce alone, might we not do better to consider the expansion of our own land—this continent—within the borders of which there are still vacant lands sufficient to support in ease at least 200,000,000 more persons?

The name signed to this letter will be recognized as that of one who has the right, through knowledge and experience, to write and speak of the questions involved in the storage of interstate waters for the purpose of reclaiming arid lands, and in the reserving of all the public lands left for the purpose of making new homes.

Beyond the one hundredth meridian of west longitude we still have 550,000,000 acres of public land open to settlement, and about 300,000,000 more that in large part will some day be also opened. There is water sufficient, if it can be stored and distributed, to furnish 100,000,000 acres at least with the moisture that is now deficient. It can be accomplished at an average expenditure of not to exceed \$25 per acre-foot—i. e., one cubic acre of water to each acre of land. The total cost would then be \$25,000,000.

As a matter of fact it need not exceed one-half that sum as the land and its return could be made to more than meet the other half without real burden to the nation or the settlers. The cost of distributory ditches from the Government reservoirs would be borne by the local communities.

It has been clearly shown that in farming by irrigation the certainty of water supply makes the crops secure while fertilizing the land also, so that one acre of irrigated land will in arid America produce as much as four acres of ordinary farmed land in any humid area. And four acres will support in abundance one adult person. Therefore, the reclaimed land would make homes for 100,000,000 persons! It would not cost one life in the doing.

The cost of an American soldier on the remarkable on-American duty of slaughtering a people who were our helpers and are now being butchered as enemies is \$150 per diem, or \$1,400 per year. That is about 24 homes for 200 persons, against one soldier, to slay or be slain in order that "trade may follow the flag."

I have not counted the industrial value of our dead soldiers. But at the usual current rate of \$500 for a trolley-car victim who has already had will be \$25,000,000, or 25,000 free homes.

RICHARD J. HUNTON,  
Ex-Chief of the United States Irrigation Inquiry.

## THE HALL OF FAME.

Brief Biographies of the Men Whose Names Are First Chosen.

2.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BORN in Hardin County, Ky., Feb. 12, 1809. Country storekeeper. Became lawyer from 1837 to 1860. Elected sixteenth President of the United States, 1860, by the Republican party. Issued Emancipation Proclamation, 1863, freeing all the slaves. Near the close of the civil war was elected, 1864, President for a second term.

Was fatally shot while at the theatre by John Wilkes Booth, April 14, 1865. Died April 15, 1865. Known as the "Martyr President." A shrewd lawyer and an incorruptible statesman. His career was an example of the heights to which a man of lowly and obscure birth may rise.

## THE FAMILY SCALES.

NEW pieces of household furniture are the family weighing machines. Some are made in the form of graceful chairs, upholstered in blue or white leather to match the bathroom decorations, and some are artistic studies in walnut and tapestry for the ornamentation of the hallway. The chubbiness being concealed as far as possible or made highly ornamental. The reason for the introduction of the "family scales" is the new theory that it is flesh that tells whether one is well or ill more truthfully than even color or appetite or ill feelings.

## MR. BRYAN FROM THE OUTSIDE.

Let us try to get a look at him. First for the outside man: Of medium height, the shoulders and chest, the neck and arms and legs of an athlete.

Powerful, muscular, nervous hands, the hands of a man who grasps firmly and holds tightly. A splendid forehead, a straight, strong nose; the wide, loose mouth of the practiced orator; a powerful jaw; a profile beautiful in its regularity and grace, yet strong; the head large and formed upon lines of beauty and strength and set upon the shoulders proudly. The eyes large and brown, luminous and magnetic. They indicate the imagination of an enthusiast, but also the penetration of an acute reader of character. They are the eyes of a dreamer of dreams who has the practical qualities necessary to make those dreams come true—in part at least. They have a peculiarity almost never seen in brown eyes—the color is subordinate to the expression, so subordinate that it is with surprise that one notes that these eyes, so clear, so piercing yet so imaginative, so commanding yet so gentle, so frank yet so shrewd, are eyes of brown and not of steel blue or green gray.

## A PERSONALITY OF SIMPLICITY, SINCERITY AND CHARM.

The personality is irresistibly attractive—simplicity, naturalness, candor; a clear, sweet, sincere voice moulding its expression perfectly to the speech; a most dignified manner that has not the slightest element of pretense; an honesty that disarms prejudice and converts it to admission of the high character and purposes of the man and of his freedom from self-seeking motives.

His oratory is of the school of nature—something to say plus the words, the voice and the manner to make the saying effective; no affectations, no straining; quickness to adapt the thought to the understanding and mood of the audience.

As a whole, a fine type of American—humorous yet profoundly serious; broad yet intense; full of sentiment yet extremely practical; passionately devoted to freedom and justice, passionately against privilege and injustice; well educated, yet free from any taint of mental snobbery; a believer in himself, yet equally a believer in his countrymen and in his country; a citizen of the Republic, democratic, manly.

## AN AMAZING CAREER AS POPULAR IDOL AND POLITICAL MANAGER.

These facts explain Bryan's amazing career—amazing in its meteoric beginning, more amazing in its staying qualities, most amazing in its present height and brilliance.

As a political manager he has no equal, unless it be Mr. McKinley, and the methods of the two men are so dissimilar that comparison is difficult. As a popular idol he is approached by no one. More than half of his fellow-countrymen admire him intensely and almost half follow him. Thousands who will vote against him have a strong admiration for him.

Why? There is only one satisfactory explanation for his hold upon the people. Many of them believe he is not "conservative," that he is "unsafe," that his feelings have got the better of his judgment, that he "goes too far." But even among them there is a feeling that he is honest, that he is honestly trying to advocate their cause, the cause of the plain people, the cause of freedom, equality, justice, democracy.

## KEEP THE BLUES AT BAY.

NOTHING is so wearing to a woman as worry. She must not let the gossip of a friend annoy her, nor must she allow household duties and perplexities to occupy her thoughts until little wrinkles form themselves on her forehead.

If she finds that she is getting blue let her try a song. "Sweet Alice" or "Nellie Gray," but a "ragtime" air. A brisk walk in the fresh air is a splendid "blues" preventive, and a stroll through the store helps matters also. Self-forgetfulness is the true remedy.

## The World.

VOL. 4. NO. 14,201.

Published by the Press Publishing Company, 35 to 43 PARK ROW, New York. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

## THE MR. BRYAN WHO COMES TO TOWN TO-DAY.

Three William Jennings Bryans were announced as arriving in town to-day:

First—The Bryan created by Republican partisans and sympathizers, a half-fanatic, half-demagogue, bent upon getting himself elected President in order that he may destroy his country.

Second—The Bryan created by a superheated Democratic imagination, the forerunner of the millennium, the St. George who will slay all the dragons that beset the Republic.

Third—The real Bryan, the one you will vote for or against, the one you ought to know, the Mr. Bryan who really did arrive to-day.

No other American public man, living or dead, Has seen so much of his native land, Has seen so many of his fellow-countrymen, Has been seen by so many of his fellow-countrymen, Has addressed so many audiences, Has made so many speeches, Has spoken to so many people, Has had such an opportunity to study at first hand the conditions, the beliefs, the needs and the dispositions of all classes and kinds of Americans. Has had such a meteoric rise, or, rising, has displayed such "staying power."

These facts in themselves make Bryan incomparably the most interesting citizen of the Republic to-day—interesting to men, women and children of all classes and conditions and beliefs.

Let us try to get a look at him. First for the outside man: Of medium height, the shoulders and chest, the neck and arms and legs of an athlete.

Powerful, muscular, nervous hands, the hands of a man who grasps firmly and holds tightly. A splendid forehead, a straight, strong nose; the wide, loose mouth of the practiced orator; a powerful jaw; a profile beautiful in its regularity and grace, yet strong; the head large and formed upon lines of beauty and strength and set upon the shoulders proudly.

The eyes large and brown, luminous and magnetic. They indicate the imagination of an enthusiast, but also the penetration of an acute reader of character. They are the eyes of a dreamer of dreams who has the practical qualities necessary to make those dreams come true—in part at least. They have a peculiarity almost never seen in brown eyes—the color is subordinate to the expression, so subordinate that it is with surprise that one notes that these eyes, so clear, so piercing yet so imaginative, so commanding yet so gentle, so frank yet so shrewd, are eyes of brown and not of steel blue or green gray.

The personality is irresistibly attractive—simplicity, naturalness, candor; a clear, sweet, sincere voice moulding its expression perfectly to the speech; a most dignified manner that has not the slightest element of pretense; an honesty that disarms prejudice and converts it to admission of the high character and purposes of the man and of his freedom from self-seeking motives.

His oratory is of the school of nature—something to say plus the words, the voice and the manner to make the saying effective; no affectations, no straining; quickness to adapt the thought to the understanding and mood of the audience.

As a whole, a fine type of American—humorous yet profoundly serious; broad yet intense; full of sentiment yet extremely practical; passionately devoted to freedom and justice, passionately against privilege and injustice; well educated, yet free from any taint of mental snobbery; a believer in himself, yet equally a believer in his countrymen and in his country; a citizen of the Republic, democratic, manly.

## AN AMAZING CAREER AS POPULAR IDOL AND POLITICAL MANAGER.

These facts explain Bryan's amazing career—amazing in its meteoric beginning, more amazing in its staying qualities, most amazing in its present height and brilliance.

As a political manager he has no equal, unless it be Mr. McKinley, and the methods of the two men are so dissimilar that comparison is difficult. As a popular idol he is approached by no one. More than half of his fellow-countrymen admire him intensely and almost half follow him. Thousands who will vote against him have a strong admiration for him.

Why? There is only one satisfactory explanation for his hold upon the people. Many of them believe he is not "conservative," that he is "unsafe," that his feelings have got the better of his judgment, that he "goes too far." But even among them there is a feeling that he is honest, that he is honestly trying to advocate their cause, the cause of the plain people, the cause of freedom, equality, justice, democracy.

## KEEP THE BLUES AT BAY.

NOTHING is so wearing to a woman as worry. She must not let the gossip of a friend annoy her, nor must she allow household duties and perplexities to occupy her thoughts until little wrinkles form themselves on her forehead.

If she finds that she is getting blue let her try a song. "Sweet Alice" or "Nellie Gray," but a "ragtime" air. A brisk walk in the fresh air is a splendid "blues" preventive, and a stroll through the store helps matters also. Self-forgetfulness is the true remedy.

## BEGIN WITH THE PENNIES.

## A Story of Thrift.

By Rev. R. H. White, Founder of the Chicago Penny Savings Society.

PUT not your trust in money, but put your money in trust!—Holmes.

Pourousness is a vice. A miser is a social evil. A stingy man is a public enemy. A few people need to be taught how to spend money; many need to be taught how to save it properly. The majority, however, need to be instructed in the value of saving something in early years. The average young man and young woman, too, for that matter—is full of wants, the most of them unnecessary. Many spend all they get and borrow from the future—that is, from their friends.

Habits of thrift are of vital importance.

First, because small savings are the beginnings of possible wealth. Some decried wealth. "Money is the root of all evil," say some, "therefore live and die poor." Wealth abused is an evil. A nation is not cured because it has many rich men, but only when its rich men are mean, lacking in public spirit and benevolence. Wealth ought to mean good books, travel, art, music, refinement, and helpfulness.

Second, the gradual accumulation of even a small competency adds to the dignity and confidence of the possessor. A man stands an inch taller in his boots when he has a growing bank account even if it is small.

Third, the man who is ahead financially, who owns a little home, a few shares of legitimate stock or some Government bonds is a better and safer citizen for it. He owns a part of the United States and has an added anxiety that the corporate body be managed for the best interest of his small holdings. He is interested in good water supply, cheap gas, sanitary conditions and clean streets. All these things enhance the value of his property.

Habits of thrift must be cultivated in the early years of life. The purpose of the Chicago Penny Savings Society is to furnish in an attractive way an opportunity for the boys and girls of Chicago to cultivate habits of small savings. It begins with the pennies.

Instances where these small savings have paid rent, bought school books, coal or clothing, and thus saved self-respect, are too numerous to mention. It is good for the children of the well-to-do as well as those who have less.

Here are a few facts: The total deposits for the first year were about \$5,000. The second year they greatly increased. Last year they reached the astonishing sum of over \$75,000. The total deposits by Chicago children for the three years of the society's existence has been over \$100,000. This money is being constantly withdrawn for use or for starting savings bank accounts, which the society strongly encourages.

## INGALLS ON BOYHOOD.

## A Gem of Memory.

A FEW days ago the following paper was found in the late John J. Ingalls' desk. It refers to a visit to the site of his old home on the river bluff near Atchison, Kan., burned many years ago.

"Was it on this planet we lived alone and loved in youth's enchanted kingdom, amid the forests and by the great lonely river, looking with mingled gaze at the eastern bluffs, purpled by the autumnal sunset, or at the wan face of the moon climbing with sad steps the midnight sky, or was it in some remote star in some other life, recalled with rapture and longing unutterable and unavailing? O death in life; the days that are no more."

## THE CRUMBLING EXCAVATION SCENE.

The crumbling excavation scene disconcerts among the vines and weeds and ivy, deserted and inaccessible, ancient as Palmyra or Persepolis in its ruin—was this the theatre wherein was enacted the intoxicating drama, the sweet tragedy of human passion, grief, joy and endless separation? Since then, what devious wanderings of the soul, what darkened vistas, what trepidation, what struggle and solace, what achievement and defeat, what splendor and what gloom!

"The river flows, and the landscape is unchanged. Nature mocks with her permanence the mutability of man; and in that steadfast presence, recalling life's vanished glory and bloom, and dew of morning, how worthless and empty appear all that time gives comfort and in what it bears insensibly away. How gladly would we exchange the prizes of ambition, and fame, and wealth for the splendid consecration of youth—Wild with all regret, the days that are no more."

"The crumbling excavation scene disconcerts among the vines and weeds and ivy, deserted and inaccessible, ancient as Palmyra or Persepolis in its ruin—was this the theatre wherein was enacted the intoxicating drama, the sweet tragedy of human passion, grief, joy and endless separation? Since then, what devious wanderings of the soul, what darkened vistas, what trepidation, what struggle and solace, what achievement and defeat, what splendor and what gloom!

"The river flows, and the landscape is unchanged. Nature mocks with her permanence the mutability of man; and in that steadfast presence, recalling life's vanished glory and bloom, and dew of morning, how worthless and empty appear all that time gives comfort and in what it bears insensibly away. How gladly would we exchange the prizes of ambition, and fame, and wealth for the splendid consecration of youth—Wild with all regret, the days that are no more."

## LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

## How Much Allowance?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

My husband earns \$32 a week. We have no children, and pay \$17 a week. He allows me \$5 a week for my clothes and my spending money. My mother says this sum is too small, but he says it is all he can afford. Will readers decide this point? He and mother quarrel over it frequently. Which is right, and how much allowance should he give me?

Mrs. BEATRICE ORDWAY.

## A Thrilling Bit of News.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

My father and I went fishing at Canarsie Bay Sunday. We caught seventy-five large porpoises and eighty-four crabs. We saw a large school of snappers in the water, but they would not take the bait. We were just catching a fine mess of crabs when our net dropped off the end of the pole and ended our crabbing.

THOMAS H. OWEN.

## Here's the Stamp Flirtation.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The following is the postage-stamp flirtation for the benefit of your many readers: Upside down in left upper corner—"I love you." Crosswise, same corner—"My heart is another's." Upside down, right upper corner—"Write no more." Upright, same corner—"I wish your friendship." Crosswise, same corner—"Do you love me?" Middle, right edge—"Write at once." Middle, upper edge—"Yes." Middle, lower edge—"No." Left, bottom corner—"I seek your acquaintance." On line with surname—"Accept my love." Same place, upside down—"I am engaged." Crosswise, same place—"I long to see you." POSTMAN.

## He Can't Save Money.

Dear Mrs. Jew:

I have been engaged to a man a few months my senior for over five years, and at the present moment he is as able to marry me as he was at the beginning. He has never saved one penny toward getting a little home for me, and I am getting just a wee bit discouraged. He has absolutely nothing to offer me. Do you blame me when I say I feel my love growing less? What do you think of it?

DISCOURAGED.

WHEN a man really loves a woman and hopes to marry her he does not behave, it seems to me, after the fashion you describe. No; I do not

## HAPPY AMERICA.



Cholly—Oh, Hittie! I'm glad we don't live in a country where girls' fathers wear shoes like these!

## DOING A GOOD TURN. SUBURBAN DILEMMA.



Goodie—Why, if there isn't Mr. Jagoby, quite helpless! I'll see him home.



Mrs. Van Stupe (on a Sunday morning)—John, there is only a quart of gasoline in the house. We must either sacrifice breakfast or the automobile ride. Which shall it be?

## EXPANSION.

"Have you noticed how tall Arty is growing?" asked the fond mother. "Yes," replied the disinterested visitor; "art is long."

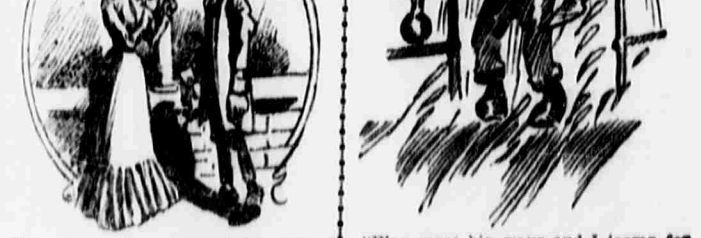
## NO HARDSHIP.

Rollingstone Nomos—The martyrs of old was always ready to go to de stake when day was persecuted. Hungry Hawkins—I should think dey would. Why, I'd go to a hambone.

## BREATHLESS.

The race for fame and wealth is fast. And not till claimed by death Do some men realize at last That they are out of breath.

## THE LIMIT.



Mrs. Jagoby—Oh, dear! oh, dear! This house of my poor husband keeping bad company.

## HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

## Answers Questions of Perplexed Lovers.

**Lost His Heart and Now Doubts His Sweetheart.**

Dear Mr. Ayer:

I have been keeping company with a young lady two years. My prospects were very bright at the start. I lost my money and left town. We corresponded regularly. I am not favored by her people, but she says she still loves me dearly. But she has accepted a suitor from others since my departure. I think she is right. But I love her devotedly. What can I do?

J. A. F.

## Would Revive a Dead Love.

Dear Mr. Ayer:

I am a young lady twenty-two years old, and have always lived in the country. I go with a young man who loves me very dearly, and whom I also loved dearly one time. I promised to be his wife, but now find out I do not love him. I know if I tell him this he will be desperate, as he loves me very, very much, and I know I ought to try and return his love. How can I make myself love him again?

A HEARTBROKEN GIRL.

## CANNOT possibly think you are right

In your attempt to rekindle a dead love. No woman has ever made her self love a man—at least, that is the way I feel about it. Love must come of itself; it cannot be forced, and when a woman really cares for a man there is no hour, day or night, when she feels as you describe your sentiments. As an honest woman you should break your engagement with this young man. He will suffer, of course, but he will suffer for a time only. Whereas, if you marry without love you will be very likely to ruin his entire future.

## THIS CLOCK TALKS.

AN Austrian inventor has just patented a speaking clock which he claims will be of the greatest value to persons of forgetful and irregular habits.

It consists of a clock-photograph combination. In place of the regular striking attachment is a photograph, which can be set to speak a sentence at any time desired, thus becoming an unfailing reminder to its owner of the duties of each successive hour.